



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

“THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.”

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Volume I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1852.

Number 3.

Principles of Nature.

MAMMON WORSHIP.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

MAMMON is the Jupiter of our times; but the ancient Olympus is no more the residence of the god. The modern Jove holds his court in the market, and thunders from cotton factories and rolling mills. Who shall resist the magnetism of Gold, since

“Money has a power above
The stars and fate!”

We have been astonished and amused to witness the action of this magnet on the locomotive powers of vast numbers. Youth leaps and runs with electric fire and speed; an impulse—deep and powerful—is felt, and Manhood in its strength is shaken. The infirmities of Age, like unwelcome visitors, are admonished to retire, and not obtrude themselves at unseasonable hours. Even Indolence exhibits a kind of galvanic action, when the millions are moved by this golden motor. It is impossible to determine the measure of this power. Looking at the busy scene, and analyzing the chief objects of human endeavor, one might almost fancy that the springs of action all ultimate in this source. What privations and dangers will not man encounter to obtain gold!

“It tempts him from the blandishments of home,
Mountains to climb and distant seas to roam.”

This world of time, custom, circumstance and business, how does it baffle the power and arrest the behest of the gods, and overcome our own souls! Men are not themselves. Each is what some one would have him to be, though it must be conceded that in the great avenues of trade the separate individualities distinctly appear. There is a great struggle! Every one pulls in his own direction and battles on his own account. To the man of the laughing philosophy, it is a scene that affords infinite amusement. Nearly every man you meet seems to be striving to shoulder the great globe and run off with it on his back! But when one finds himself well under way, he discovers that all the rest sustain so close a relation to earth that he must necessarily carry them with him. How unfortunate! Now he resolves to pull harder and run faster, in the hope of shaking off all excrescences, for what business have others to hold on when we are in a hurry? He makes a desperate rush—stumbles—and falls! The world rolls over him. But what of that? Do not all bodies revolve? And why should he not take his turn with the rest? Blessed is that man who, amid all this heaving and rolling, keeps on the upper side of things, for he shall not be found at the bottom. Ah, this is one of the beatitudes it falls not to our lot to enjoy. For some reason, we know not why—certainly not from any inherent inclination of our own—we are occasionally on the under side. When this happens we are always conscious of our position from the weight of the evidence.

It has been said, with more truth than poetry, that the love of money is the root of all evil. Evidently nothing has tended more to demoralize the race; to weaken the springs of virtuous action; to paralyze the energies of republican liberty, and to extinguish the sacred fires of a pure and undefiled religion. Men with whom love and lust are synonymous; who coil like vile serpents in the couch of innocence; men who scoff at virtue except when they speak in public, and whose unbridled members are set on fire of hell, yet creep into the church to hide their villainies. These are they who tempt, with golden bribes, the young and thoughtless from the bright Eden of earthly hope and joy.

When starving virtue is driven from her poor abode to the market-place, they are there, but not to redeem and save. When the world is cold and dreary, and young innocence would clothe its shivering form and seek a refuge from the ruthless elements; when honor is to be sacrificed for bread, and virgin chastity sold to the highest bidder; then and there these saintly hypocrites are present to purchase the treasure, only that they may defile the casket and destroy the jewels.

We have a conspicuous illustration of Mammon worship in the selection of rich men to fill the places of honor and responsibility. When commerce folds her pinions for a little season; when the wheel, the spindle and the hammer are arrested—the mill silent and the forge-fires extinguished—these favorites of Mammon buy their way to the world's proud places, and then summon the victims of their duplicity to celebrate a victory as fatal to public liberty as it is to private virtue. Even the veriest buffoon or mountebank in society straightway becomes a great man, and a suitable leader and governor of the people, when once he is known to be rich. In the hour of trial, when virtue threatens to leave the national shrines deserted, and only lingers tremblingly around her waning altar-fires, the rich man walks into the highest place as though he belonged there; and on Freedom's sacred altar, fires of the bottomless pit are kindled, or kept alive by the excitement of unholy passions.

It is difficult to determine whether Mammon is most distinguished as a fire-kindler, or a fire-extinguisher. He seems alike conspicuous in both these capacities. It is seldom indeed that the same agent is found to sustain relations so essentially dissimilar, and to perform functions so intrinsically diverse. Truly has Mammon become chief among the nations' gods; and while, in honor of the divinity, many flames are kindled which must consume the altars with the sacrifices, others, and more sacred fires are quenched, to be relighted no more at earthly shrines. Especially is this true when Mammon appears as a moral fire-annihilator, to put out the vestal fires of young innocence and truth, and to extinguish the last spark of virtue in the wandering and darkened soul. Who shall preserve and quicken those immortal fires that were fostered amid the darkness, and peril, and storm of the olden time—the fires renewed and kept alive by saints, and seers, and martyred heroes in all ages. Will not Mammon quench all these with his annihilating breath? Even now he seeks the inner courts of a thousand temples—Christian temples—perhaps rears a temple of his own, that he may pollute the sanctuary with the sacrilegious presence and hypocrisy of his chosen ministers. When a corrupt priesthood stands sentry at the gates, it is not difficult for the lover of riches to enter the kingdom of Heaven. The blindest devotee of Mammon may purchase the keys of St. Peter, and secure to himself an abundant entrance.

That Mammon is worshiped is evident from the manner the rich man is treated, whatever may be his character. He may be known to violate the most endearing and sacred relations; entering within the hallowed pale of the domestic circle to desecrate, by his adulterous purpose, the sanctuary of the heart and the home of its best affections. He may be the cruel spoiler of innocence—may spoil what he pleases and pay the cost—and yet the false world bows its brainless head as the rich man goes by; ladies of rank hang on his arm at the soirée and the opera, and the minister stoops gracefully to the vile rich man, and speaks eloquently of his public acts—but his secret iniquity cometh not with observation—while fashionable society

places its infidel foot on the necks of his victims.

When one bows at the glittering shrine, he inclines to worship most obsequiously. He forgets the world—his friends—all—and to the deity renders undivided homage. Mammon, in the person of some proud millionaire, passes along the street, and the people bow very reverently. Christ, personated by his humblest and truest disciple, appears in the public highway, and he is reproached as a heretic or arrested as a vagrant. The world and the church follow the Mammon worshiper. Even the preacher, whose duty it is to ‘reprove and rebuke’ the rich man for his sins, feels the magnetism of his gold, and is silent. But great is Mammon among the gods, and when he touches the lips of the orator, a new fire is kindled, and the gilded periods roll sparkling from his tongue. When Mammon inspires the orator, there is a silvery crescendo in his every word, and the golden richness of his intonation thrills the people, as the orator speaks for the great man—the votary of Mammon—the rich man whose eyes ‘stand out with fatness.’ Then the holy ‘penury of Jesus’ is despised and forgotten; and the people say, Amen! and gold magnetizes the saints; and they altogether,

“To the chink of Mammon's box
Give most rapacious heed.”

We by no means entertain the thought that the acquisition of money is necessarily subversive of morals. Personally, we have no reason to quarrel with any class in society; nor would we foster an envious restlessness and fault-finding spirit. When the rich man leaves the eminences of worldly power and circumstance, and ‘condescends to men of low estate,’ he gives an evidence of his virtue that the poor may never have it in their power to furnish. Nor do we doubt that society has illustrious examples of such condescension and humanity. We only complain that wealth is worshiped and that gold is god. If men seek for wealth in legitimate channels, and as a means to some higher good, the pursuit is most honorable; but that man must be low and sordid, indeed, who labors for the mere pleasure of its possession. The secret involved in the accumulation of great treasures, though unpractised and unknown by many, is easily explained. In the acquisition of wealth, men study whole numbers; in the distribution, they work after the rule of decimal fractions. One would think that the great problem of life was to be solved, and immortality secured, by gold. If a man must be an idolater, are there not other and higher objects of adoration? Life—Beauty—Genius—Love—these, all have a measure of divinity in them. But the worship of Mammon is a species of idolatry so vile, that apostate angels must wonder and weep at such abasement.—*Shekinah.*

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

Since the *Spirit Messenger* has passed from the supervision of its former editor into the care of its now heavenly contributors, a want has ensued in the cause of Spiritualism, in the absence of a suitable organ for intercommunication between the friends of the cause, which the advent of this new medium is most happily adapted to supply. But, among the many important ends which this instrumentality is capable of subserving, let us pause a moment to consider what objects seem most to demand its immediate and particular attention. As the friends of the new philosophy have advanced to a point of credence in its real claims which no additional evidence will materially augment; and as the spiritual phenomenon is now meeting on all sides with such multifarious corroborations, it would seem, therefore, that one of the

essential uses of this new paper should be, to endeavor to reach through its columns the *public mind*. Would it not then be well for the friends of the cause—such as have liberated themselves from the burden of supporting old doctrines and systems of faith which they can no longer conscientiously approve of—to make it a duty to subscribe for two or more numbers of the *TELEGRAPH*, and regularly, upon its receipt, place the extra copies of it in the hands of those who will agree to read it, or enclose them through the Post Office to such as may be supposed reasonable and independent enough to read and investigate the subject it advocates, without fearing the ban of Church or State.

A second consideration relative to this paper is, it proposes to open its columns to a free discussion of both the merits and, what by its opposers are deemed, the demerits of the cause. If by this means it can secure a circulation among those whom the truth, embodied in the affirmative side of the question, may be supposed to benefit, then such latitude in its discussions will prove of great service to the cause; as it seems impossible to a mind imbued with the force and consistency of the spiritual philosophy, that any person who can read both sides of the subject can long remain in doubt as to which of the two more commends itself to his reason and intuition. If it does not thus obtain an extended circulation among those who may oppose the spiritual claim—if such essay only to discharge what they may imagine to be weapons of destruction to the cause which the paper is especially designed to illustrate, (with the exception of causing the friends to be *reconverted*, by a “progression backward,” to the old systems of faith)—then, I doubt not, the friends of the subject would prefer that it should be more exclusively devoted to their own individual edification, or, in other words, that it should correspond in character more to the various other publications which have advanced beyond the precincts of those elementary discussions which, though useful in their place, pertain more properly to the sphere of minds in a state of emergence from the plane of primary investigation.

A third point of importance in the uses which this journal will subserve is, an *advertising medium*, by means of which the friends throughout the country can be advised at once of all new publications pertaining to the spiritual subject; and again, as a channel of correspondence from all such as can furnish its readers with facts relative to spiritual manifestations, or any other items of intelligence interesting to the cause.

With such an auxiliary to aid us, as the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*, if we falter in our duty in endeavoring to disseminate the principles of our glorious faith—that which has robbed death of its sting and the grave of its terror, and brought back to us a living demonstration of the soul's immortality, and the tangible realization of a sphere of bliss beyond the dark confines of our earthly domain—it can not be said that we have been without the *means* necessary to shedding abroad the light which is pouring upon us with increasing effulgence from the celestial realms, and which is given to those who welcome it, not to be hidden from others who, on its reception, might with us rejoice in its life-giving rays.

V. C. TAYLOR.

Poughkeepsie, May 14, 1852.

[Correspondence of the Boston Mail.]

Astounding Disclosures through the Rappings.

WATERTOWN, MASS., May 3, 1852.

FRIEND EDITOR:—Mr. William Spear, of Waltham, gives me the following facts, which I am allowed to publish. About six years ago, Mr. W. Spear lost a brother, who came to an untimely fate by being drowned in Charles

river, in the month of February. His body was recognised and deposited by his friends in a tomb situated in the burying ground of Waltham, where they intended to allow it to remain until spring, when it was to be interred in the ground—which was supposed to have been done by his friend, as they had been so informed by those high in authority. A gravestone was erected to his memory—but shortly afterward a rumor became current that the body had never been deposited within the earth, but had been silently conveyed by some persons, unknown, to Boston, where it had been anatomically dissected by some of our medical physicians. Mr. W. Spear, to test this rumor, wished to have the grave opened, but was persuaded by his friends to desist; for they considered it the work of some designing enemy. Not long since, Mr. William Spear went to the house of an acquaintance for the purpose of hearing the Rappings. After the circle had become passive, Mr. Spear wished to know if there was a spirit present who wished to communicate with him or his wife. A spirit, that purported to be that of his brother, Gardner W. Spear, spelt out his name, G. W. Spear, then stated that his remains had been ruthlessly torn from their last resting place—that they had never been deposited in the grave, but were forcibly taken from the tomb and carried to Boston by four persons, and that the body which laid under the marble slab that bore his name was that of an individual who had been brought from Worcester; and secondly, that he wished his brother to examine his supposed remains and satisfy himself in regard to what he had communicated. Two weeks since, the grave was examined, and a body was discovered in the coffin. Mr. Spear came to the conclusion that the Rappings were a great humbug, but thought to test it still further by one more sitting. Night before last he held further communication, when his deceased brother told him that he did not examine those remains, but merely glanced at them; that he must immediately criticise the contents of the coffin once more. Last Saturday morning, William Spear, his brother Christopher, Dr. Sherman, dentist, and several others, as witnesses, proceeded to the graveyard, and by examination elicited the following startling facts: That his brother, at the time of his death, had very short black hair. The body that they discovered within the coffin had auburn hair, and it was nine inches long by actual measurement. His brother had all double teeth, very even, fine, and noted for their particular whiteness, and the corpse before mentioned had but few double teeth and the remainder single. Gardner Spear has since communicated a wish for the relatives to meet Sunday evening, when he would divulge the names of the guilty parties.

C. H. WHITE.

What will be the next Wonder?

The problem of suspension of life by freezing seems to be accumulating data. Perch and mullet, Professor Lathrop states, have been brought from Lake Champlain this winter, frozen perfectly solid, and on being put into a tub of water, have come to life, “as lively as ever.” Our readers will remember that a female convict in Sweden, is now in ice, on experiment, and that a man was found lately in Switzerland who gave signs of life after being frozen nine months. The power of stopping while the world goes on, may be the next wonder. Ice-houses may soon be advertised, with comfortable arrangements for skipping an epoch or waiting for the next generation.

Words are but the shadows of ideas, while ideas may be imperishable entities.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22.

ALL BEING FREE, EACH MUST ANSWER FOR HIMSELF; AND WHERE NO RESTRICTIONS ARE IMPOSED, NO ACCOUNTABILITY WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

THE TRUE CRITERION.

We had occasion, in our last issue, to advert to the Materialism which manifestly underlies and actuates the opposition to the present Spiritual movement. It obviously requires but a small measure of intelligence—far less than is claimed by those who reject the manifestations—to perceive that the standard, by which the claims of the subject are ordinarily decided, is both arbitrary and unjust. The facts in the case have already arrested the attention of many of the best intellects, and the number is hourly increasing. Not a few, honest and gifted minds, who were but recently without hope—regarding the dissolution of the body as the annihilation of conscious existence—have been made to believe that the soul is immortal, and that the great essential principles of revelation and miracle are sublime and glorious realities. We are not now dealing with fancies but with facts—facts of the most significant character. To force conviction upon the doubting and darkened soul of the materialist; to soothe and satisfy the struggling human heart, is to subserve the interests of humanity and religion in the highest possible sense; for, in the rendering of this service, death is made powerless, and the very sepulcher becomes the scene of the grandest human victory!

Such are some of the results of the modern Spiritual Manifestations, as we are prepared to prove, by numerous practical illustrations, whenever the evidence shall be demanded. And yet these are all overlooked by those who deride the movement. Why do not the opposers of the spiritual idea regard these facts? Have they no bearing on the great interests of man, that they are treated with bitter irony and indignant scorn? Why go about to embalm the worthless integuments of a dead faith, and leave the living spirit thus to struggle alone—and, it may be, to struggle in vain—with the elements of despair! Why are cases of deception and delusion so industriously sought for, and so exultingly exposed? and why are the real facts concealed, misrepresented or denied? Who does not know that if there is a single case of wild fanaticism, or an instance of unblushing imposture, by these criteria the claims of all, and the movement itself, are tried. If there is one poor, miserable believer, without influence and without character—with scarcely the humanity to recommend him—he is selected by the opposition as the general standard, and judgment, *ex parte*, is entered against the whole body, of which he is the chosen representative. Is this course religious? Is it just? Is it even respectable? Nay; it is neither. And yet this expression of ignorance and prejudice is dignified with the title of "PUBLIC OPINION!" Moreover, by the grace of our self-constituted judges, we are permitted to respect this public sentiment, or, if we please, to hazard the storm of popular reprobation. Well, give us the storm; we have tried that; and though it robbed us of our goods, it left us our MANHOOD! But save, O save us, from the degradation of being before a "public opinion" that thus mocks the righteous claims of Truth, and tramples on the divine prerogatives of the Soul!

If we were required to furnish the best illustration of Christian fidelity, we should not select Peter. Judas Iscariot was not, by any means, an average specimen of apostolic disinterestedness; nor is the example of Thomas, the orthodox standard by which we judge the faith of the early believers. Mary Magdalene was, in her life time, a medium for spiritual manifestations; but she was not, by the believers of that day, presumed to be among the most reliable. On one occasion, the spirits are said to have manifested themselves, in a very remarkable manner, through a *drove of swine*; but the ancient manifestations were not all, nor generally, of this class; nor do we learn from the record that the *rational believers* had any disposition, on that occasion, to follow the media 'down the precipice into the sea.' Let any man refer to these as the appropriate examples of the spiritual manifestations in the ancient church, and all men, whether believers or infidels, would treat him as a profane jester. And yet, precisely of this character, for the most part, is the present opposition to Spiritualism.

To form a just appreciation of the legitimate claims of any subject to respectful attention, we must look beneath the surface, and regard its intrinsic nature rather than its superficial pretensions. No subject, in itself considered, is less entitled to respect because some of its advocates are weak or unworthy; nor is an unholocaust made honorable, when men of distinguish-

ed abilities and exalted position are enlisted in its defense. Truth is born in a manger when error dwells in palace-courts. Still, one is a divine incarnation, while the other is the monstrous form of man's perverted thought. Virtue is not less pure and beautiful when she claims no costly retinue or princely guard. An honest judgment, therefore, can only be evolved from a careful analysis of the specific attributes and qualities of the thing to be judged. Such an enlightened estimate, of the facts, principles and issues of the present spiritual movement, we wait to see.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

It may be as necessary to an accurate knowledge of ourselves and a sober self-appreciation, to listen with patience to what our enemies may say, as well as to the sentiments dictated, it may be, by a too partial and unreasoning friendship. The latter may be instrumental in producing a deeper and more lasting injury than the former. We select the following examples as being least likely to injure us by exciting our self-esteem.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.—We have received the first number of a paper by the above title, which is very neatly printed, and quite a curiosity in this section of the country. It is another proof of the genius and enterprise of our Yankee neighbors, &c.—*Harrisburgh (Pa.) Republican.*

Our Southern friend will oblige us by inviting in his neighbors to see the curiosity which he facetiously includes in the category of Yankee inventions.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.—It is a ghost concern, and proposes to be the organ of the "rappers" and "mediums" of communication with the Spirit-world. It is filled with all sorts of trash and stuff pertaining to its hobby, and should meet with support from all maniacs, hobgoblin folks, and ism-izers of the day.—*Syracuse Star.*

As our paper is said to be devoted to "all sorts of trash," we have presumed that the Syracuse Editor would expect us to copy his notice, which we do most cordially. Moreover, it affords us a kind of pleasure to find so much discrimination, with respect to the peculiar merits of our paper, and such an appreciation of our efforts to suit the very numerous classes referred to. We thank the *Star* for speaking a good word for us. Since the Editor deems the **SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH** to be adapted to the wants and worthy of the support of all kinds of maniacs, we are encouraged to anticipate his patronage.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.—The first number is very neatly executed, on good paper, and its editorials candid and void of fanaticism. Although the publisher anticipates no profit from the undertaking, we predict he will be well remunerated.—*Lawrence Sentinel.*

We are satisfied that the Editor of the *Sentinel*, has read the paper, and, moreover, that he has the intelligence to perceive an important difference, and the candor to make a corresponding distinction, between the absolute demonstrations of a living faith, and the fantastic dreams engendered by folly and fanaticism.

We received the first number of the **SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH** some days ago, a weekly paper, just started in New York, to advocate the "rappings," &c. It contains a communication from an Arabian Patriarch, who has been lying in his grave some seven years, and another "message" from the soul of a Chinese Mandarin. The Arab says he is having a "good time" in the land of spirits, but the Chinaman is evidently not so well off. He misses his Boha. We wanted to preserve this paper as a curiosity, besides making some extracts for the benefit of our readers, but somebody "cabbaged" it—it is stealing a spiritual newspaper does not cause the thief to be haunted, we fear he is ghost proof.—*Miner's Journal.*

What the good natured Editor of the *Miner's Journal* is lacking in faith, he is disposed to make up in fun. Evidently he is not likely to lose his mental equilibrium on account of our sudden advent. We regret, for his sake, that the first copy of the **SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH**, that found its way into Pottsville, should have been stolen. We are not sure, however, that this fact indicates a low state of morals in the place; it may be significant of the deep interest in Spiritualism, that is beginning to prevail in that region as elsewhere. We hope the facts may warrant the latter conclusion. If the poor thief was really famishing for Spiritual nourishment, as we presume he was, we fear it must be owing to some neglect of duty on the part of the public teachers in Pottsville. In the absence of direct testimony to the contrary, we propose to pardon the offender for this first offense, on condition that he will subscribe immediately for the paper, and never again profane that "sanctum," by taking, without permission, that which the Editor so much needs.

We have received many very respectful and highly commendatory notices from the public journals in all parts of the country, some of which we may copy hereafter, lest our readers misapprehend, from the foregoing examples, the general sentiment of the Press concerning our paper, and the subjects to which it is devoted.

If the person who requires "Light," concerning the media for the modern manifestations, will give us his name and residence, the subject of his letter will receive the attention he desires. The names of all correspondents must be submitted to the editor; they will in no case be disclosed to the public, except with the approbation of the parties. We can not answer anonymous communications.

OUR VIGNETTE AND TITLE.

Several persons have questioned us concerning the significance of the design at the head of this paper, and to save time and words we answer all in this connection. The geographical outlines of America are dimly seen on the globe, the lower portion especially being obscured by the unilluminated atmosphere. The light which descends in brilliant shafts from the dark clouds above, falls on and irradiates that portion of the continent occupied by the United States, the light being strongest in the region of New-England and the Middle States. The light is intended to symbolize the supposed spiritual illumination, and is reflected on the massive clouds—symbolical of ignorance and error—which are represented as being driven back from the earth, while their gloomy surfaces are illuminated as they pass away. The oak and the olive, interwoven with the title, are employed as the emblems of strength and peace.

The design was furnished by the Editor, and engraved by J. W. ORR, of this city, to whom we very cordially recommend our friends, who may have occasion to employ this description of art.

Materialism versus Spiritualism.

The Editor of the *Waukesha Democrat* says: "A commercial party visited the Rappers a few nights ago, and elicited many facts which were new and astonishing, concerning the regions beyond the ken of common mortals, but could get no information as to the price of freight. Of course the party left dissatisfied."

In New-York we have several commercial journals, whose editors can see no possible utility in any spiritual gift that does not aid them to accomplish some selfish and material end. Some time since one of these papers expressed the idea that clairvoyance or spiritual sight would be very useful if the subject could only look into the foreign markets, and perceive and make known—in advance of the mails—the prices of the great staples. The editor thus disclosed the secret of his heart without waiting for an invitation. The idea of this class of skeptics, stripped of its flimsy disguise and embodied in plain English, reads thus: "If there is any spiritual gift or power that will enable us to over-reach others, and to take an unjust advantage of our neighbor, we are willing to look into it, and when the fact of the existence of such a power is demonstrated we shall be conspicuous among the converted." We are forced to smile occasionally—mournful as the subject really is—at the simplicity of those who thus unconsciously reveal the gross sensuality of their natures while claiming to hold the high interests of morality and religion very near their hearts.

To City Subscribers.

As yet we have not been able to complete our arrangements for delivering the **SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH** to our city patrons, but hope to do so in the course of a few weeks. For the present, our subscribers are requested to call at the publishing office, No. 3 Courtland street. The paper may also be obtained of Stringer & Townsend, 222 Broadway, and of Fowlers & Wells, 129 Nassau street.

We commenced the publication of the **TELEGRAPH** with an edition of 6,000 copies, presuming that this number would be more than sufficient to supply the demand; but in this we were greatly mistaken, as the first and second numbers were entirely exhausted before the present issue was ready for the press. Should the demand for the back numbers continue, we may be induced to reprint them. Henceforth we shall regulate our edition with special reference to the prospective increase of circulation.

We have been unable, hitherto, to obtain the quality of paper we desired for the **TELEGRAPH**, but hereafter the paper will be manufactured to order, and will be of a uniform quality.

We shall commence in our next number the publication of an interesting series of Letters on Mesmeric Phenomena, by a lady.

Persons who have been satisfied of the soul's immortality, by the modern Spiritual Manifestations, are requested to send us their names and a brief statement of their experience.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LECTURES ON MENTAL SCIENCE, according to the Philosophy of Phrenology, by Rev. G. S. WEAVER; illustrated with engravings: New York, Fowlers & Wells, 131 Nassau Street.

That general and reliable conclusions concerning the mental, moral and social peculiarities of the individual, may be derived from the cerebral conformation and the blending of temperaments, we have never doubted. But we apprehend that idiocratic distinctions exist—delicate shades of feeling, thought and susceptibility—which no method of external observation can detect, and which require a more subtle, internal or psychological mode of investigation. There is truth enough in Phrenology, however, as the science is usually taught, to give it an honorable name and place among the instrumentalities of human development. And after all, the various sciences are only so many specific forms and degrees of approximation to the veiled and absolute Reality.

Among the works illustrative of the phase of mental

science under consideration, the book before us merits respectful attention. It is a distinct embodiment of the author's idea of the system founded on the apparent developments of the brain and the analysis of temperamental conditions; and though as a whole, not remarkable for the depth of its philosophy or the cogency of its logic, its statements are usually clear, and its illustrations such as will commend it to the popular taste.

"CLOVERNOOK, or recollections of our neighborhood in the West," by ALICE CAREY: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York.

The writings of Miss Carey owe their fascination less to the superficial graces which depend on the ordinary modes of scholastic discipline, than on her innate love of Nature, the perception of Beauty, and the delicacy and refinement of her own spiritual being. There is a natural ease and a graceful simplicity and fidelity in these delineations of rural life and scenery, that impart to them a peculiar charm. The stories are characterized by exquisite delicacy of feeling and sentiment. The strong attributes of imagination, and the finest shades of fancy blend and are beautifully incarnated in the narrative. There is no perceptible effort after effect; nothing distorted or overwrought; but a gentle spirit—seldom gay, and sometimes sad, yet always musical—a spirit subdued by meditation and communion with Nature—is omnipresent in these stories, and the reader is aroused from a mystic spell only when he has concluded the reading.

NEW-YORK CONFERENCE,

FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

(WEEKLY REPORT.)

Friday Evening, May 7, 1852.

Present Mr. Partridge, T. L. Benning, John White, S. B. Britton, E. D. E. Greene, Dr. Jas. H. Allen, John T. S. Smith, Thos. Kipp, Tompkins Co., N. Y., Wm. H. Segar, J. G. Blake, Medina Co., O., E. R. Ives, N. Hance, Chesterville, O., J. R. Barry, G. D. Henk, Philadelphia, John J. Haley, E. D. Hammond, Jas. A. Cleveland, Dwight Kellogg, Geo. Freeman, D. H. Jaques, J. R. Ingalls, Oliver Johnson, Philadelphia, J. N. Stebbins, F. F. Carey, Dr. Rich, Dr. F. S. Wiley, Dr. John F. Gray, Wm. Allen, Ira B. Davis, Wm. Fishbough, M. Locke, Dr. R. T. Hallock, and H. H. Hall.

Mr. Fishbough thought some of the points of his arguments, as reported in the minutes of the last meeting, rather indefinitely stated; particularly that relating to the preponderance of the affections as determining the future course of the spirit. What he meant was, the preponderance of one class of the affections over another class, in the same individual. He also wished to call attention to a remark of his which occurred in his reply to Dr. H., which did not appear in the minutes at all. He referred to the causes of retrogression alluded to by Dr. H., as supposed by him not to exist in the Spirit-world. Now, said Mr. F., the Spirit-world is a birth, out-growth, or unfolding of the natural world, and what exists here in gross substance, does there in a more spiritual form; and consequently, though there may not, literally, be rum and tobacco there, something corresponding to them must be, and their effects also. The body does not sin here; the body is the mere instrument of the spirit; the soul is the responsible agent in every case, and its character, its loves and affections, he thinks, are not necessarily altered by the change of locality or condition caused by transition to the Spirit-world.

Dr. Gray suggested that Mr. F. should state his arguments in writing. He would like to examine them more minutely and at his leisure; and also because it was impossible to do justice to the speaker in a rapid report of a desultory conversation.

Mr. Partridge coincided with the suggestion. He thought the course proposed, would not only secure the speaker from misapprehension, but would remove the danger of personal irritation, sometimes engendered by oral discussion.

Mr. Ingalls thought the discussion of such questions, the disputes about which were as old as human history, would lead to no profitable result. They had perplexed mankind for ages, and were as far from being settled as ever. They were the elements of discord and confusion, and should be shunned accordingly.

Dr. Gray remarked that we had much less to apprehend from the discussion of these subjects under the influences of the new epoch, for it had developed new elements of harmony. He was pleased to observe the spirit of conciliation which governed the discussion on last Friday evening. It had cast out entirely the spirit of discord, and seemed to leave on the minds of the participants in it the same calm that acquiescence itself would have induced.

Mr. Fishbough hoped no one would suppose he came here to establish or defend any particular "ism." He had none to establish. The spiritual intercourse, in which it had been, in some instances, his painful privilege to participate, had destroyed his favorite "ism," and left him nothing in their place but rigid deductions from stern and absolute spiritual facts.

Mr. Wm. Allen said he had a spiritual communication in his possession, purporting to be from one whose opinions while in this life were entitled to respect, advising us to pay more attention to facts and less to theories. Established facts could not be the subjects of dispute; they tell their own story of themselves. But we might dispute about theories ad infinitum. We should discriminate, too, between facts, and the inferences drawn from them. The same facts do not produce the same results in all minds. Each mind draws an inference from any given fact, in harmony with its own organization and development. This is the effect of individuality. Two minds precisely alike would be equivalent to one; they would extinguish each other.

Mr. Oliver Johnson, of Philadelphia, being requested, gave a brief account of what had fallen under his own observation in spiritual matters in that city. He has personal knowledge of only three circles, though it is understood there are sixty or seventy. As far as he is acquainted, the usual mode of communication is by an alphabetical card, the finger of the medium being used by the spirit communicating, to point out the letter, which is done as rapidly as the most expert writers can take them down. The hand of the medium is moved with a sort of galvanic or spasmodic action, and often this rapidity of motion is continued much longer than would seem possible by mere self-volition. Some of the communications he thought indicated an origin far above the mental development of the medium, and some tests had been instituted which left it very difficult, to say the least, to account for the facts on any other than the spiritual theory. He stated, as

a matter of surprise, rather, that in Philadelphia, very few physical manifestations occur. He thinks there are now no rapping mediums there, though there have been several. The subject he thought was progressing in general interest, though not perhaps to the same extent as here.

Mr. Partridge observed, in reply to Mr. Johnson's remarks on physical manifestations, that his experience had led him to entertain the idea, that physical manifestations occur, mainly, where they are most needed; at least it seems to have been the case with himself. While he was investigating the subject to ascertain its truth, physical manifestations were varied and frequent; but when his investigations had resulted in absolute conviction, and his doubts had been displaced by perfect assurance, they had been with him much less frequent.

Mr. Fishbough thinks the "odic, or electric, conditions of persons in a circle may determine in some degree, the extent and nature of the manifestations—climate and locality may exert an influence upon them; and the spiritual habits or states of individuals may likewise have a modifying effect.

Mr. Ingalls said it was a well-known fact, that the mode of communicating is often changed. Rapping, writing, speaking, vibratory motions of the hand, &c., &c., occur at different times.

Mr. Henk, of Philadelphia, said that physical manifestations occurred in that city in the earlier stages, but they were told by the spirits that they were about to substitute a higher and more rapid mode of communicating—which had been done agreeably to their promise. He also stated, that, as far as his own knowledge extended, (and it was acquired under varied circumstances,) the spirits had uniformly affirmed that all men begin to make eternal progress at death—that there is no retrogression, though the degree of progress varies with different individuals.

Mr. Ingalls stated that he had heard the doctrine of progression denied by communications made in some circles; and the future state, whether for happiness or misery, represented as a fixed condition, into which each individual of the human race entered at once on leaving the body.

Mr. Partridge presented to the conference the first number of the **SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH**. He stated that he was much encouraged by the letters received and subscriptions forwarded. He had enrolled four hundred subscribers before issuing the first number, and the list was rapidly increasing. He said that no effort on his part would be wanting, nor expense spared, in making this paper in point of intelligence and usefulness second to no other in the country; and under the circumstances and purposes which he had engaged in this enterprise, he felt free to call on all the friends of the cause everywhere for cooperation with him in this attempt to disseminate spiritual facts, as it was well understood that he proposed to himself no pecuniary advantage from the establishment of the paper. He considered himself a mere agent, and the proceeds of the paper (if any) above the absolute expense of its publication, should be devoted to the enlargement of the sphere of its circulation and usefulness. But, whether it was a pecuniary loss or gain, he pledged himself to its regular publication for one year.

Dr. Hallock thought the paper worthy of the most cordial support. It was well known that Mr. Partridge had embarked in the undertaking, at the earnest solicitation of the friends in this city and vicinity. No one acquainted with him will question his ability to carry out his original intention, and he (Dr. H.) believed it to be the settled conviction of all present, that the publisher was disinterested in every worldly sense, and that in this enterprise he has the confidence, sympathy and cooperation of all the members of this conference. Within reach of the publisher were mental resources also, which would render the **SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH** worthy of a place by every fire-side where the spirits are entertained, or the principles of free thought inculcated. Whether the paper would be continued longer than one year, would depend on the reception it might meet with in the great world, and especially on the influence which might be exerted in its behalf by the friends of the cause. Dr. H. referred to the motto—"The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." We begin to think, we begin to know. The great object of the paper was embodied in this sentiment; it would stimulate thought and promote sober and candid investigation.

He would claim the indulgence of the conference but a moment longer, while he expressed a thought on another point: There was a large circle of friends present, who are the centers of many circles of influence; and he wished to call their attention to what he deemed the great object of the new disclosures. That object was not, in his opinion, to establish creeds or particular forms of theological belief. Faith must stand on higher ground than mere authority. What would be the value of a particular opinion, if its possessor, when questioned concerning it, could give no better evidence of its truth, than that some man, whether in or out of the body, had said it was true? Nothing. The great Prophet of Judea based his teachings on no such foundation. He urged his hearers to test his doctrines by his deeds—by the great standard of nature and the reason of things. He showed how the governing principles in the human soul found their correspondence in the laws of external nature—as, "Men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles," so, neither can virtue and harmony be gathered from the perverted culture of the spirit. Nature then, and not human authority, is the great standard of truth, because she is the great embodiment of truth. Her individual facts must be tried by her comprehensive aggregate. We are enjoined to "become as little children;" this does not mean that we should become imbeciles, but that we should become natural.

But if it be not to establish faith, what is the object to be secured by these spiritual developments? It is obviously to establish fact—the fact of man's continued existence. This is the great object, as it is the great need of the age. And in the beautiful economy of nature, it will be found by all honest inquirers, that the seeking for the fact, will be at the same time the unfolding of harmony unspeakable within ourselves; and thus, as the great primary truth unfolds itself, and is being brought practically to the cognizance of the senses, it awakens in the depths of our spirits a harmonious response which flows from soul to soul, and will flow on increasingly until all the discords of earth are turned to songs of blessedness and peace.

Adjourned to meet on Friday evening, May 14.

R. T. HALLOCK, Sec'y.

SPIRIT-LAND:

"The Spirit's growth life."

ANGELS.

BY C. D. STUART.

Oh, teach me not the barren creed,
That angels never haunt the soul;
That 'tis a dream, Oh, never plead,
I would not lose their sweet control—
Low-whispering spirits, still they come
And bid the dear emotions start,
With visions of our childhood's home,
That "Moons" of the human heart.

Their feet are on the viewless wind,
Their lips among the odorous flowers;
They fill the waste of years behind,
And sweetly charm the passing hours:
The smile that mantles friendship's cheek,
The tear that gleams in pity's eye,
The thrill that words may never speak,
And hopes that brightly hover nigh—

Ah, rob them not of angel guise,
The only founts to rapture given;
Those young immortals from the skies,
That bid us fondly hope for Heaven!
Still floating on their golden wings,
They bear the light of other years,
And each, a sweet consoling brings
To scatter o'er the tide of tears.

Break not the spell my heart has wove,
Bind not those fairy-footed gleams,
Those messengers of joy and love,
That people all my dearest dreams;
Still let me feel my Mother near,
When summer winds are on my cheek,
And let me, though 'tis fancy, hear
Her lips in music's echo speak.

Chide not these tears, that, while I sing,
Like waters from a fountain start;
The memories of a childhood, bring
Their wild contagion to the heart;
Above the desert I have passed,
The flowers of life again I meet,
And youth its myrtle leaves has cast,
Their shadows resting on my feet.

Oh, chide me not, nor break the spell—
All I have loved, or love, is here;
The kind, the good, the true, they dwell
In friendship's smile and pity's tear!
A little faith may read the guise,
And what our yearning hearts adore
Will change to seraphs from the skies,
Who, lingering, watch till life is o'er.

Telegraphing from the Spirit-world.

[It will be perceived that the following letter was addressed to the Editor of the *Tribune*, who assures us that it is from a reliable source.]

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Jan. 29, 1852.

H. GREELEY, Esq. —For some time past, much has been said, and more thought, of this subject; but until within a few days, I have considered it an offspring of infidelity, and resolved, as one who prized the love of God and the Bible, to refrain from it. For this reason, I never visited any mediums, though strongly urged to visit Mrs. Fish when she was here. A few days previous to Christmas, myself and family visited at my wife's mother's, who is a widow residing in the county of Ashtabula. On the day we arrived there, a sister, residing some twelve miles distant, in whose family lived a girl twelve years old, received a dispatch through this girl's hand, purporting to come from her deceased father, directing her to go to her mother's, and enlighten her friends in spiritual things. She had arrived before us. The next day, our whole family, except one, were gathered from our homes to the old homestead, and neither knew nor expected to meet each other. On entering the house, the medium's hand—being perfectly paralyzed and cold as a dead person's—in an animated manner, reached out to shake hands with, first my wife and then me. I shook the hand, and exclaimed, why have you not got a better fire, if you knew we were coming? The hand was still paralyzed, the medium frightened and crying because of its strange actions. The hand endeavored to grasp the hand of my child, who was afraid of it. At length she was induced to shake hands, and the influence left the medium's in a few moments. In a short time paper was prepared, the influence again came on the hand, and a communication was written as follows: "The dead live! the dead live! Publish it to the world!" This communication was signed by my wife's father, who died in 1839. The signature was a more perfect one than any other I have ever seen written by any other than the original; and the medium cannot write an ordinary hand. Several other communications were received, which to us were satisfactory. I asked if a friend of mine was in the Spirit-world; received answer that he was. I inquired where an absent brother was. Answer, "In the Spirit-world." I knew these persons were unknown to the medium. I supposed, moreover, that they were not in the Spirit-world; and determined to test it. I asked my brother to write his signature. A strange mass of unintelligible scratches followed. I considered that it was juggling; but was disturbed to know what kind of juggling it could be. I then asked a deceased relative, who on earth was a Methodist clergyman, what kind of religion was right. Answer, "The religion of Christ."

I asked if there was any Devil. Answer, "No." "Are all spirits happy after death?" "Yes, measurably." "What church is nearest right?" Answer, "Universalist doctrine is nearest right." This put us all out with the spirits, as we are Methodists, and look upon Universalists as no Christians at all.

On returning home, I received a letter from my father, informing me that my brother, whom I had inquired about, had actually died. Still, I was not convinced; nor did I think of what had been said about his being in the Spirit-land. Circumstances called me, a few days since, to the same place where the medium was. I again asked for the spirit of my friend, who on earth was a clergyman, and he wrote his proper signature, and requested me to ask questions. I asked if he knew how we came there. Answer, "In a sleigh." "What kind of a sleigh?" The pencil pointed towards the barn where the sleigh was, and in a few moments it wrote, "Trimmed with red and painted green." I asked how many seats it had, and whether the seats could be taken out. It again pointed as before, and soon wrote, "It has two seats; the forward one can be taken out." Answers correct.

Subsequently, through a young lady, whom I have known for years, daughter of a respectable farmer of Crawford county, Pennsylvania, I received the following dispatch from Franklin: "Publish to the world that spirits can communicate to their friends on earth." I asked, "What effect will it have?" "It will make men love each other better." I asked for the spirit of my brother. Answer, from Franklin, "He is here, but cannot write now; he will in the morning." I requested my brother to communicate in such a way, that I might know it was from him. In the morning the paper was all scratched over, but no one could read it. Soon another deceased friend wrote, "Your brother"—calling him by name—"will communicate with you in one hour. When the hour expired, the hand wrote nearly three pages. It wrote one line, and pointed to us to read it; when we could not, it would write the same again, and so on. We finally called the alphabet. When we called I, which was the first letter of my deceased brother's name, it rapped twice, and the thought flashed on my mind in a moment, that it was his signature. I asked if it was, and it answered by distinct raps. The medium never knew my brother's name. I asked for Morgan Lewis; his name was Ira Morgan, and so it was spelled. The thought of its being from my brother, was entirely out of my head, until the letter I was called. Therefore my mind could not have produced the answer.

Subsequently, Franklin telegraphed to me that I would make a good medium. I said I would sit and see. Immediately the hand of the medium came into my face, acting strangely; no one understood it. It motioned for the pencil, and wrote, "I want to shake hands with you, Mr. Lewis." I shook the hand, which grasped and shook my own cordially. I asked Franklin how he communicated. He answered, "The same as you do by telegraph."

The first time I sat, with a view of being a medium, I felt a strange feeling in my arm, and spoke of it. The young lady was sitting at the same table; her hand soon motioned me to look on her paper. I looked and saw the words, "I affected your hand, I. M. Lewis," a fac simile of my brother's signature. Franklin directed me to sit seven days, one hour in the day. The seventh day expired yesterday, and my hand commenced to write, but only partially under the spirit's influence. That night we retired to bed as usual, my wife not yet a full believer. My own mind was, and is, firmly settled. I feel a conviction of its truth within my breast. After we had been sleeping soundly some two hours, loud raps were heard on the head of our bedstead and against the door. In a fright my wife awoke me. I had a consciousness within, that it was a friendly spirit getting control of my hand, and soon sunk to sleep again. But my wife could not sleep, it so frightened her. A different result was produced on me.

I never served my Saviour from fear of endless punishment, though I believed in the doctrine. I now freely confess that I do not believe it. The spirits' influence has awakened in my breast a new emotion of gratitude to God, and has, anew, determined me to live more devoted to his will. My friends think there is danger of my being crazy; but if craziness makes men forgive their enemies and love all of God's creatures, and feel a warm spiritual desire for the happiness of others, I want to be crazy.

Yours, &c.

Manifestations at Onondaga.

The manifestations or phenomena that have so generally been denominated "spiritual," in other places, have recently made their appearance at the house of Mr. ROBERT TUTTLE, a very worthy and upright citizen of Lyons, residing some two miles from this village—Mr. T. and his wife, and Mr. WILLIAM TUCKER, a neighbor, being the "mediums." Questions, either mental or oral, are asked, and the answers are given by an upward, sidelong, or vi-

brary movement of a chair or common dining table, as may be desired. We have visited the scene of operations once, heard questions asked, the answers to which were said by the querist to have been correct, (and she was the only one present that by any possibility could have known whether they were so, or not,) and like all others who have taken the trouble, we acknowledge ourselves "stumped." That the movements of the table were not by physical means, we know: that they were by spiritual, we do not believe.

With these facts staring us in the face, it is useless to talk of "deception," "humbug," "gammon," and whistle the thing down the wind as unworthy of attention; for there is a mystery connected with it that men of intelligence and sagacity have tried in vain to unravel. Neither will *ridicule*, whether emanating from the bar-room or the pulpit, do anything toward satisfying the public mind, although it may perhaps deter a few individuals, who dread an exposure to it, from investigating the matter and coming to their own instead of some other person's conclusions. That four-fifths of the community should be at deadly enmity with the theory of spirit communication, is not at all surprising, for a different belief was instilled into their minds when young, and they have never witnessed anything to counteract it; but why there should be such an uncompromising hostility to investigating the subject, we can not conceive. If it is as silly, foolish, nonsensical, absurd, ridiculous, blasphemous and wicked as many would have us believe, why do they not plant themselves on the rock of common sense, and, aided by the light of truth, with sound argument and philosophical reasoning demolish the theory at once, and scatter it to the four winds of the heavens, as a thing unfit to be tolerated in an intelligent and moral community, in this era of civilization and christianity? Fifteen years ago, the man that avowed a belief in the efficacy of animal magnetism as a remedial or curative agent—that by the touch of mortal man the leper could be cleansed, the sick made well, the withered limb restored to life—was a better qualified candidate for the lunatic asylum, and a more hardened rebel against God, than he who now professes to believe that he can hold sweet converse with the spirits of departed friends. Yet, time and the researches of science, have proved that that incorrigible heretic was not a demented dreamer. Are those who exhibit such an inveterate hatred to the theory of spirit communication, fearful that time will serve them a similar trick?—*Onondaga Gazette.*

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS:

PURPORTING TO COME FROM THE SPIRIT OF ADIN AUGUSTUS BALLOU.

[Concluded from Number One.]

Question. Could we have done anything effectual for your recovery? We have often reflected on it with sad anxiety. Answer. You must not think of it. It is not well to do so. You could not have done anything which would have restored me to health; although you might have relieved me somewhat, had you been with me earlier. I do not like to recall it; you must look above. Think not of what I suffered, while so many are suffering now, and I am so happy here.

Father, I am fast advancing. The glories of the higher spheres are daily unfolding to me, although I still remain in the fourth.

(March 8.) Blissful thought! all darkness turned to light! I am enraptured, nor can I express my joy. I see, in my mind's eye, trials and sorrows innumerable for Earth's inhabitants; but beyond it all is the prospect of a brighter day; when among all the blessings, not the least shall be communion with the spirits of the pure and good. Some of you will see that day. Do you ask how I can foretell this? I know how the inhabitants of other earths have progressed, and the order is the same in all. It will be gradual, and some years will pass before a great change. You have already had prophecies to this effect; heed them. Father, be patient, watch and wait. Another century cannot commence, before this great change will be wrought. I may not tell you more. I say again, be patient, watch and hope.

(At sundry dates not noted.)

Miss Cornelia Strange, one of the Entering Class at the Bridgewater Normal School—which class was much under the instruction of A. A. B. for the eight weeks of his teaching—was taken sick about a week after his death, and deceased a week later. She purported to be present one day, and communicated as follows: "Cornelia Strange is here, and happy to communicate. My dear teacher is with me, and with what joy were we reunited! Friends on earth we were, but truer friends in heaven. Ah, friends, how can you weep, when we are in such a blissful clime? I entreat you, think of the time when we shall all together join in anthems of praise to the Sovereign of this lovely Home, the Spirit-land. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

Augustus to his sister Abbie:

You must not think of me as I should have been, or as I was, but as a spirit hovering near you to soothe and bless. True, I should have been with you now in the body, [it was vacation] had I lived; but it is not more blessed to have a spiritual companion and comforter than an earthly? You have no need now to think of me as subject to temptations and trials, but as one who, freed from them, may still be with you, still cheer you with hope and consolation, and, at last welcome you, when your pilgrimage shall end, to those blessed mansions, where love and joy shall ever abound. Is it not selfish in you, Abbie, to think of wishing me back to the earth, when you so fully realize the sufferings which I have escaped by my early removal from it? Hope still; trust in the

Redeemer; and in all things you shall be able to say with your whole soul, "His death all things well."—Think not more of those who have passed to the Spirit-world before you, than of the many dear friends left behind.

(March 23.) [To his parents, &c., just after Quarterly Meeting at Hopkinton.] See you not how all of your afflictions work for good? Be not disheartened; brighter days will dawn upon this benighted world; brighter days upon Hopkinton. Surely you see evidence of this already, in the earnest zeal of those with you, and in the deep interest of many abroad. Your meeting has been very deeply interesting to many, very many good spirits. We have an ardent desire, oftentimes, when such meetings are held, to manifest ourselves in some unmistakable way; but you are not prepared for that yet.

I wish to tell you first, that since I last wrote, [i. e. nearly a week since, as understood,] I have entered the fifth sphere. I am surrounded by many who were friends of yours, and of the Hopkinton people.

[In answer to remarks by his father.] True, this is a bright and happy world, but I can leave it with pleasure, to do anything towards consoling you. The earth you inhabit is not all darkness and gloom—although many the sorrows you must all pass through before entering a better. Few persons have as just conceptions of the Spirit-home as you do, father and mother; but you, too, have fallen short of the reality in your ideas of it.

I would gladly do much more than I am at present able, that you might realize my presence oftener; and you must remember that I am obliged to wait as well as yourself; which is not very agreeable when we behold all the sins and follies of earth's inhabitants, and feel that were they in a right state, individually and socially, we might do so much to benefit them. But the time is not far distant when we shall be able to do so. What joy then, for you and for us! Do not think I am afar off, when you do not receive long communications. Think rather of the time, when to have seen the half of what you now see, and believed that it came from spirits, would have given you unspeakable joy. Does it not now give you much happiness to know we are near, and can in some degree make our presence felt, even though you may wish for something more striking, more convincing to all around?

Do you wish the society of pure spirits? Make yourselves pure and holy in thought and conversation. Listen to the breathings of the Divine Spirit, nor fail to heed its warnings. Your experience has taught you that your happiest moments are those spent in communion with the Deity. Why then seek for happiness in any other way? The cares of the busy world weary and perplex your minds, and from them you gladly turn to the joys supreme, which you find in forgetfulness of them all, and in communion with the Infinite.

(April 1.) Oh, my dear mother, you may not know how happy I am in watching over you, and others of my earthly friends. It is one of my greatest joys.

It is not right that the glories of the Spirit-home should be all unfolded to you now. You are not prepared for it; neither is it in our power to tell you much more than we do. When we shall be able to control mediums entirely, so that their thoughts and ours shall not be mixed, we shall have much more to say. As yet there has been none whom we could entirely control.

What a glorious thought, that we shall all one day be united in this blissful home! You will then be able to comprehend all—perfectly to understand why I was taken from you. You begin to do so now. Hope, my friends, hope evermore.

(April 4.) It seems as though all the joys of my Spirit-home were enhanced, by the pleasure of holding converse with my earthly friends. Trust in God. He superintends all things, both the present and future. Angels watch your progress, and the progress of all, with deep interest. The portals of Heaven are opened wide, and the inhabitants of earth are entering constantly. The joys, the glories of our home amaze, entrance them; and as they gaze enraptured, they are welcomed with seraphic songs to this land—truly a "land of rest," but a rest so active, that, were you to know the full extent of it, you perhaps would think it must be wearying.

How glorious the thought! You shall yet hold free converse with spirits—pure and perfected spirits; and their revelations will astonish the world, while they will assist in the great work of reformation, which now seems to move so slowly. It is moving slowly, but surely, and by "Faith's discerning eye," the pure and good already see the dawning of a new day. I speak to you much of earth's reformation; but it is so certain that it will come, I wish to infuse into your minds a portion of my own faith and hope.

It seems to me strange that you are not as full of hope and joy as myself; and when I see father and mother sad and desponding, mourning my departure from earth, I can hardly endure to have them so. I wish to have them look into the future, and see as I do, how all things will work for good. Trials and sorrows I also see, but beyond those the eternal reign of peace and righteousness. Your reward will come then, father, and also the reward of all true souls, who are and have so long been laboring for the redemption of the world from its weight of sin and woe. I will not write more this morning, but bid you adieu. Only let me once more entreat you to look with the eye of faith into the future, and with patience wait.

(April 23.) Day after day passes, and spirits continually watch the progress of this new light, a light which is dawning upon many souls heretofore wandering in skepticism, without God or a Saviour. Oh, that this light may soon dawn upon the benighted souls of all mankind! Then will the great day of jubilee have come, and with it the sorrows of the past be done away. The tears of the mourner shall be dried, and the departure of each soul from the world will be heard songs of rejoicing and anthems of praise—praise that a spirit is born into the Eternal world.

Listen still, my friends, to the voices which speak peace and consolation to your inner natures, and while you enjoy the pleasure of conscious communion with spirits, think of those who in the darkness of their souls can feel no such consciousness.

Oh, rapture divine! The glories daily unfolded to me fill my soul's whole nature with such a realizing sense of the goodness of the Infinite Author of these blessings that I would fain impress you with some portion of my joy. I look, and all good spirits look with peculiar pleasure on the great work of Social Reform. When we look upon the world around you and see how vanity, self-love, sensuality and kindred vices fill the hearts of the greater part of mankind, how the desire of wealth, and the love of power cause

man to oppress and enslave his brother man, we are made to rejoice by turning our eyes to this Dale, and in the vision of faith beholding the whole earth under such principles and those even better, changed into the Eden that once was.

You cannot realize the love which is ever flowing from the inhabitants of the Heavenly home. This unbounded love and pity exerts an influence, which, though little understood or felt, is doing a vast amount of good; rendering many a heart, otherwise desolate, full of joy and peace; smoothing the couch of sickness and death, and while it ushers into immortal blessedness the departed spirit, speaks such words of hope and consolation to the mourner as no earthly heart could dictate. The guilty one, too, who at times seems almost unworthy of a thought, is under the influence of its messengers. With words of forgiveness and pity they continually turn his thoughts back to his days of innocence, or in gentle tones speak of the Saviour's love and sufferings, and with untiring patience continue their watch—restraining him from still viler deeds, even when they succeed not in turning him to virtue's ways. If pure and holy spirits can thus speak to the vilest of God's creatures, shall man with his frailty and imperfection disdain to do so? Ah, when will the religion of Christ be so instilled into the heart of man, that he will follow His example in visiting the poor, the ignorant, the sinful, and endeavoring to comfort, educate and reclaim!—A. M.

NATURE A BOOK, UNFOLDING DEITY.

The following communication, purporting to emanate from the spirit of JOHN WESLEY, was communicated through W. BOYNTON, writing medium, Waterford, N. Y., 3d and 6th Streets, February, 1852.

Salvation is progression. Christ is a principle. Heaven is a state. Reason is a divine attribute of the soul. Nature is a book, unfolding the wisdom and goodness of Deity; it is before any other book; its pages are luminous; it teaches the goodness of God; it has never been interpolated or wrongly translated; its teachings are immutable. It has often been misdirected, as also has reason. It teaches no angry God; it holds forth no blind creed; it is plain, and all who will may read and understand. Man has left this sacred volume, the only true Bible (or Scriptures), and has in its place substituted the traditions of men. I entertained many erroneous views while in the form; and I am very anxious the world should know wherein I was in error. I believed and preached many truths, but also many errors; the truth I wish to remain, the error I wish to have rejected. The sect who profess to pattern from my life and teachings, have all my errors, beside the accumulation of many more, but have not much of the truth. I was a reader and student of both nature and revelation; they, only of revelation. I, though a student of nature, was in a great error, for I supposed that nature must submit to the teachings of revelation; but the truth is, *wherein revelation does not agree with nature it is wrong*. The men who wrote the Bible were not always under full control of the spirit communicating, so that many errors crept into the Bible; besides, with interpolations and wrong translations, we have the truth greatly adulterated. I desire, most of all, that those who pretend to be followers of me should study the book of nature; it is not only an ancient but a modern record of immutable facts, which has stood and will ever stand the test: it is a sure word of prophecy, whereunto all will do well to take heed. I do not expect to write much now; but when circumstances are more favorable, I will write, through this medium and others, those truths that are indispensably necessary to understand, in order to enjoy God here, and be prepared for a higher sphere of bliss in the Spirit-world.

February 6th, continued as follows:

In my former communication I stated, first, that salvation was progression; besides, other statements were made which will be startling to those who know my former teachings, when I inhabited the earthly form. I will now take up these subjects separately, and discuss them briefly, and afterward will discourse upon what is contained in the latter part of my former communication.

First, I stated, salvation or in other words religion, is progression; it has been supposed and taught, and with candor too, that religion was a certain influx of divine light into the soul of man, which took place after a certain routine of conventionalisms, by which the person performing the same was translated from total darkness into the full blaze of the sun-light of the heavenly regions, and was in a moment (or as some believed a longer period) prepared for the full enjoyment of the presence of God; and also, that if that person had changed the form a moment before, he would have been precipitated at once into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. I once taught and believed the same; but since I passed into the Spirit-world I have seen things as they are, and find to my inexpressible joy that such is not the case. The benevolence of my nature caused me to preach a better salvation than my contemporaries; but still I was far from the truth, so far that I have often looked back upon my former writings and preaching, and wished that oblivion might forever cover them; and also, that if I could return to earth in my corporeal form again I would teach quite another doctrine. But I thank God there is an opportunity through spirit-mediums of correcting my former errors; though I know that those who profess to follow me will not, as a people, listen to what I shall write, but will condemn it all, as not even spiritual, much less acknowledge that it comes from me. I wish to impress upon the mind of mankind, that salvation or religion is no such thing as is and has been taught by theologians, but it is goodness, righteousness, and truth; that it is not instantaneous, but progressive and that forever. O, could men see the light that shines through my soul while I dictate these pages; could they behold the truth as I see it; could they behold error also in its hideous forms, they would not wonder at my anxiety to consign me of the truth, the whole truth, as eternity can alone reveal.

I shall fail to impart what I feel, but will try to give mankind a faint idea of the truth as it is in Jesus. That blessed man never taught any such religion [as has been ascribed to him by many of his pretended followers]; neither did his disciples; it is the creature of a book; begin your eternal occupation while you inhabit this grosser form of life; the joy and holy comfort you will experience in that study, will amply compensate you for all the toil. Human works are good, inasmuch as they agree with God in nature. There are many sublime lessons taught in the Bible.

ture of pagan barbarism; nature reveals no such thing from without, neither can such a sentiment be found in the enlightened and developed soul of man. Salvation is ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well; learning, I say, for it is not learned in a moment, an hour, day, month, or year, nor in any number of years, but it is work of eternity. I might reason from analogy; look through the kingdom of nature and behold the seed of a plant or tree, in the earth, the moisture whereof expands the germ which is contained in that seed; it unfolds, its nature progresses, it bears fruit; so with the germ of goodness, righteousness, and truth, it is not matured in a day, but, as in the regular order of nature, it is developed, and will ever be developing through all eternity. I do not intend in the present instance to elaborate this thought, but merely to present the idea.

My second statement is: Christ is a principle; or, in other words, what constituted Jesus the Christ was that, in him, was more fully developed the principle of Universal Benevolence than in any other person before him. This Christ-principle is religion; not forms nor creeds or a blind faith, but Universal Benevolence. This is all of religion. Minds in the body do not see the full bearing of this Christ-principle. They suppose that Christ was a person, and that Jesus was that person; that in him were blended the human and Divine, which was true in one sense, but in the same sense as it is with every enlightened and spiritually minded man. It has been supposed and believed that Jesus was all of God and also a perfect man, which thing is false. Jesus was a great and good man; but there was nothing more miraculous about his conception, birth, life and teachings, than any good man. Jesus never taught people to pay divine homage to him; he never taught that he was the Son of God, except in the sense in which other men might be the sons of God. Jesus possessed a very perfect and positive organization naturally, and also at times was very negative; in fact, he was as perfect an organic being as probably ever preceded or succeeded him. He preached the gospel of nature, which reveals good tidings to all the race. He reasoned from nature and natural things. What you have of his history teaches this invariably. You have but an item of the true biography of Jesus. There was more truth in those copies destroyed by the Roman Emperor than remains in the present authorized version. His biographers fell into the same error as did his disciples, and supposed that he must have been a Divine being, because "he spake as never man spake;" that is, as they never heard man speak. They, as you had listened to the mythological teachings of the age in which they lived, had heard the blind priests of their day represent God as being possessed of the worst attributes; as giving laws to mankind, both unsuitable and unjust; as binding burdens upon them which neither they nor their father could bear, in the shape of creeds, faiths, sacrifices, &c., &c. They saw, as men now see, that those that taught morality needed moralizing; they saw and heard what reason and common sense could neither receive nor justify; and well might they exclaim, "Never man spake like this man."

But I proceed to remark on my next proposition, very briefly. "Heaven is a state." The errors have crept into the creeds of men—that heaven is a location, a certain country, with finite boundaries; that in that country there is a city, built of the most costly materials; that God is a person, and dwells within its walls; that he has "a great white throne;" that he sits upon it, dealing out judgment and mercy according to circumstances; that his memory is so poor, he is obliged to keep a book or books (and of course he must have a book-keeper); that in that book or books he keeps a correct account of debt and credit against the name of every person born into the world, and will in the last great day—the day of judgment, judge every person out of that book, according to his deeds, or debt and credit; and that He is possessed of such a bad disposition that it requires the constant pleadings of his Son, (who, by the by, is said to be possessed of a better nature), to keep him from executing his wrath upon poor, offending man; and much more of just such inconsistent vagaries, which are not worth the labor of repetition. All this I unqualifiedly assert is false; not a shadow of truth in the whole of it. I refer the reader to nature in proof. Heaven is all space. It may be enjoyed as well, though not as perfectly, in the rudimentary sphere as any other. The mind, in the rudimentary, is held down by various things which serve as clogs to keep heaven out of the soul. Heaven is the enjoyment of God as seen in his works, which, in proportion as it is unfolded to the mind, creates a bliss unknown to the worldling or sensualist. God is seen in nature, and that is the only way he is ever seen; and seeing God is Heaven, whether in this sphere or any other. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," which thing is true.

I next stated, Reason is a divine attribute of the soul; but how it has been perverted and misdirected! Man, by reason, has for ages been trying to bring reason and Scripture to terms, which it never could nor can do if the Scriptures are taken indiscriminately; but when reason and nature have been brought in conjunction, they were found to agree perfectly, which thing proves that reason is a divine attribute of nature and nature's God. Reason was given to man as a guide to instruct him in the revelations of nature, to keep the mind in equipoise, that it shall not run into error on the one hand or the other. Let reason take the place which the God of nature designed it, and all the inharmonies and incongruities of this world will forever cease. The voice of reason is the voice of God; it speaks in words of comfort, it falls in tones of melody on the ear of all rational beings. Give ear to her teaching, O sons and daughters of men! it will never mislead; it leads the soul up from nature to nature's God; it renders the souls unspeakably happy who exercise it.

I now proceed to elucidate briefly my next proposition, which is—Nature is a book, unfolding the wisdom and goodness of Deity; I might say, unfolding all the attributes of God, which is the case; and it is, moreover, the only book which does fully unfold them. The study of nature is the occupation of all the inhabitants of the Spirit-world. The harmony, the beauty, the wisdom, benevolence, and adaptation found in that volume, as far surpasses any other book as infinity surpasses the finite. I beseech all to do as also in many other books; these are to be treasured, whether found in the Bible, or Shaster, the Koran, or Zendavesta, or any other production of man; but the Bible has more good teachings than any other work, and has more evil; choose the good, discard the evil.

I will at some future time write more largely on these various topics, and will introduce many more. Spirits have resolved, since they find themselves able to converse with mortals, to unfold the wisdom of the Spirit-world, and deliver mankind from error and wrong of every kind. Never was more joy in the Spirit-world, than was manifest when it was made known that a mode of communication was opened to mankind—such a gathering to hear the joyful news, such rejoicing was never known in the spheres. All (I say all, but I might say all that believed the report, for all did not believe, though all hoped it true) were immediately upon the alert, to obtain some communication with those that they long had been absent from (speaking after the manner of men)—friends who were exceedingly dear to them, but to whom they had never been able, in many instances, to impress a thought of future existence, who were traveling in the same road which they pursued when in the form, which they could behold, but concerning which they were not able to give any correct information. These now found themselves in possession of ability to correct the existing errors, and vainly supposed that their friends would listen, believe, and reform; but how were they mistaken! Their nearest friends expressed doubts at first, whether they were their departed friends or not. When convinced of that, then it might have been supposed they would listen to their teachings. But still they were mistaken; for as soon as a ray of light beamed from the Spirit-world, it was immediately referred to an ancient book, and if it did not agree with that, then it was discarded; which, had it been referred to nature and reason, two great gifts of God, it would have been received. But, thanks to enlightened reason, some do believe; and spirits by prophetic inspiration perceive that more will believe, and eventually faith will become universal. Let all seek for the truth, and spirits will be glad to assist them; they are aiming at the good of mankind, at the elevation of the race without distinction. I will enlarge upon these thoughts at some future time; would that those even who profess to follow me, would listen to me now, would believe and receive my admonitions. Done, for the present.

JOHN WESLEY.

ITEMS OF INTELLIGENCE.

NEW-YORK, MAY 22, 1852.

The Volcano at Mauna Loa.

The Honolulu Polynesian of the 18th of March, gives a most graphic description of the magnificent eruption on the Island of Hawaii, from which we make the following extract:

"The eruption seems to have broken out through an old fissure, about one-third down the side of Mauna Loa, on the northwest side, and not from the old crater on the summit, called Mokuweoweo. The altitude of the present eruption is about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and from the bay of Hilo (Byron's Bay), must be some 50 or 60 miles. If it succeeds in reaching the ocean at the point supposed, after having filled up all the ravines, gulches and inequalities of a very broken country, it will undoubtedly be one of the most extensive eruptions of modern times."

"By an accurate measurement of the enormous jet of glowing lava, where it first broke forth on the side of Mauna Loa, it was ascertained to be five hundred feet high! This was upon the supposition that it was thirty miles distant. We are of the opinion that it was a greater distance, say from forty to sixty miles. With a glass, the play of this jet, at night, was distinctly observed, and a more sublime sight can scarcely be imagined. A column of molten lava, glowing with the most intense heat, and projecting into the air to a distance of five hundred feet, was a sight so rare, and at the same time so awfully grand, as to excite the most lively feelings of awe and admiration, even when viewed at a distance of forty or fifty miles. How much more awe-inspiring would it have been at a distance of one or two miles, where the sounds accompanying such an eruption could have been heard. The fall of such a column would doubtless cause the earth to tremble; and the roar of the rushing mass would have been like the mighty waves of the ocean beating upon a rock-bound coast."

"The diameter of this jet is supposed to be over 100 feet, and this we can easily believe, when we reflect that from it proceeded the river of lava that flowed off from it toward the sea. In some places this river is a mile wide, and in others more contracted. At some points it has filled up ravines one hundred, two hundred and three hundred feet in depth, and still it flowed on. It entered a heavy forest, and the giant growth of centuries is cut down before it like grass before the mower's scythe! No obstacle can arrest it in its descent to the sea. Mounds are covered over, ravines are filled up, forests are destroyed, and the habitations of man are consumed like wax in the furnace. Truly, 'He toucheth the hills and they smoke.'"

Roman Character.

The genius of Rome displayed itself in character, and scarcely needed an occasional wave of the torch of thought to show its lineaments, so marble strong they gleamed in every light. Who that has lived with those men, but admires the plain force of fact, of thought passed into action? They take up things with their naked hands. There is just the man, and the block he casts before you—no divinity, no demon, no unfulfilled aim, but just the man and Rome, and what he did for Rome. Everything turns your attention to what a man can become, not by yielding himself freely to impressions, not by letting nature play freely through him, but by a single thought, an earnest purpose, an indomitable will, by hardihood, self-command, and force of expression. Architecture was the art in which Rome excelled, and this corresponds with the feeling these men of Rome excite. They did not grow—they built themselves up, or were built up by the fate of Rome, as a temple for Jupiter Stator. The ruined Roman sits among the ruins; he lies to no green garden; he does not look to heaven; if his intent be defeated, if he is less than he meant to be, he lives no more.—*Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Osoli.*

MUSICAL PRODIGY.—The Ohio papers state that Master Edward Lilly, a youngster of some six years, a native of Lancaster, Ohio, is now drawing large audiences in Columbus, to witness his proficiency in music. Without receiving any instruction whatever, he is enabled by his natural genius for the intricate and difficult science of music, to perform the most difficult

pieces on the piano and violinello in the most perfect manner, and can accompany another person on either of these instruments, making an accompaniment to any piece of music, whether he has before heard it or not, no matter how often the key may be changed or how difficult the piece. He has not learned to commit his pieces to paper, though he composes with a rapidity truly astonishing.—*Star Spangled Banner.*

GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES.—At Eberfeld in Northern Germany, a book is just published with the following title: "The North American Free State Wisconsin, in its Physical, Social, and Political form, with a complete account of all its branches of Trade, Manufactures, Industry and Business." Such books says the Galena Advertiser, are multiplying rapidly in Europe, and affect emigration powerfully. There are 183,000 Germans in Wisconsin. The whole number in the country is estimated at 5,000,000, of whom nine-tenths are in the free States. Missouri has 200,000, Illinois 90,000. The great rush this year will probably be to Chicago and Illinois. New York city has 100,000 Germans, Cincinnati 40,000, St. Louis 30,000, Buffalo 25,000, Milwaukee 10,000, Chicago and Cleveland 7,000. There are 225 weekly German papers and a large number of dailies.

BLOCK OF COPPER FOR THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—Mr. Andrew Harvey, to whom was entrusted the task of preparing the block of native copper which the Legislature of Michigan has directed to be placed in the Washington Monument at Washington, as the contribution of that State, in a communication to the Detroit Advertiser, announces that the offering is now ready for transmission to Washington. The block was taken from the celebrated Cliff Mine, and is three feet long, by twenty-one inches broad, nine inches thick, and weighs twenty-one hundred pounds. The designs on it are in Michigan native silver, and consist of the arms of the State of Michigan, with the motto—"Her trust is in the Union." It is believed that nowhere out of Michigan could a mass of copper, suited to the formation of such a block have been procured.—*Star Spangled Banner.*

SINGULAR ANIMALCULE.—There are facts and analogies tending to show that a peculiar state of activity may enable infinitesimal quantities of matter powerfully to affect the senses and the health. We eat animalcules by millions in the bloom of a plum, we also inhale them by millions (as Ehrenberg has shown) at every breath, and they neither affect our senses nor do us appreciable harm. Yet there is an animalcule which haunts cascades, sticking by its tail to the rocks or stones over which the water rushes, and which when put into a vial with about a million times its weight of water, infects the whole mass with a putrid odour so strong as to be offensive at several yards' distance; and this not once, but several times a day, if the water be changed so often.—*Quarterly Review.*

SALUTING THE POPE.—We learn from Rome that an American gentleman was standing among the spectators in the vestibule of St. Peter's, on Easter Sunday, when the Pope was being carried by, and neglected to take off his hat, a piece of disrespect which was observed by some French officers behind him, who requested him to uncover somewhat imperatively. As the American paid no attention to their request, the officers proceeded to poke his hat off, at which affront the gentleman turned round and signified his intention of exacting the satisfaction, customary among men of honor, a satisfaction, however, which the Frenchmen did not seem disposed to accord, as they called a file of soldiers and sent him off to the corps-de-garde.

Rev. Mr. BELLows, in a sermon intended as a memorial of that elegant author and distinguished scholar, the late Rev. William Ware, mentioned that his steps were to the very last attended by a special blessing—a son, some seven years old, the angel of God's presence, sent by Providence to lead him over the rough places of his wearisome journey to its close. When he was at length struck by the last blow from his mortal enemy, and lay for more than a week in painless unconsciousness, with occasional gleams of recognition for his family, this little boy, shortly before he died, approached and kissed his father's lips. Mr. Ware murmured, in a whisper, just audible—"Sweetest than a thousand flowers," and these were his last words.—*Ex.*

A NUMEROUS FAMILY.—The Shah of Persia has invited a number of Austrian officers of all arms to Teheran, to aid in reorganizing the Persian army. A letter from one of these officers, received at Vienna, furnishes some personal details respecting the Shah. He is twenty-two years of age, and one of the handsomest men in the empire. His great-grandfather, who had three hundred wives, had a crowd of children, who have had descendants in their turn, until at length it is computed that the imperial family comprises at least ten thousand persons.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

In London lately a fire broke out in a house in Dorset Square, caused in the following singular manner: A favorite jackdaw, kept by the occupier, entered the second-floor front room, and, having obtained possession of a lucifer match, commenced rubbing the same on the floor till it became ignited, when the flames came in contact with the bed-clothes, and in an instant the place was filled with fire. The fire was not extinguished till considerable damage was done.

In the British Register of Death, for the month of March, the following remarkable case is mentioned: A lunatic hair dresser died at Fekham Asylum, of peritonitis, produced by his having swallowed the handle of a table-spoon. On a post mortem examination, thirty-two handles of table-spoons, about a dozen of nails, two or three stones, and a button, were found in the stomach of the deceased.

A STRANGE CHICKEN.—A chicken was recently hatched out in Chelsea, on the farm of Mr. Sanderson, which had four well-developed legs, with five toes on each foot. The extra pair of legs grew from the breast, and the toes pointed inward. The chicken lived but a short time after emerging from the shell.

Never lay a stumbling block in the way of a man who is trying to advance himself in the world honestly and uprightly, for he is likely to walk over and laugh at you afterward.

ANOTHER INLAND SEA.—A lake one hundred miles in circumference, heretofore unknown to the whites, has been discovered within fifteen miles of St. Anthony.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

WE shall endeavor, in this paper, not to force opinions upon any one, but simply to suggest inquiries, that all may investigate, and think for themselves. We shall neither prescribe limits for others, nor erect an arbitrary standard for ourselves. While it will strive to avoid all acrimonious disputations, it will tolerate the most unlimited freedom of thought, imposing no checks except when liberty is made the occasion of offense. It shall be free indeed—free as the utterances of the spirits—subject only to such restraints as are essential to the observance of those friendly relations and reciprocal duties, which, with the very current of our lives, must flow into the great Divine Order and Harmony of the Race.

Our other business resources preclude the necessity of our depending upon this enterprise for support. Nor will I accept of any pecuniary profit that may accrue from its publication; but will, from time to time, so increase the issue or size of the paper, or reduce its price, as to graduate the terms to the standard of its actual cost, that subscribers may have the full benefit of their money and feel a personal interest in its wide circulation.

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